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The Follies of '19

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THE CLASS OF '19

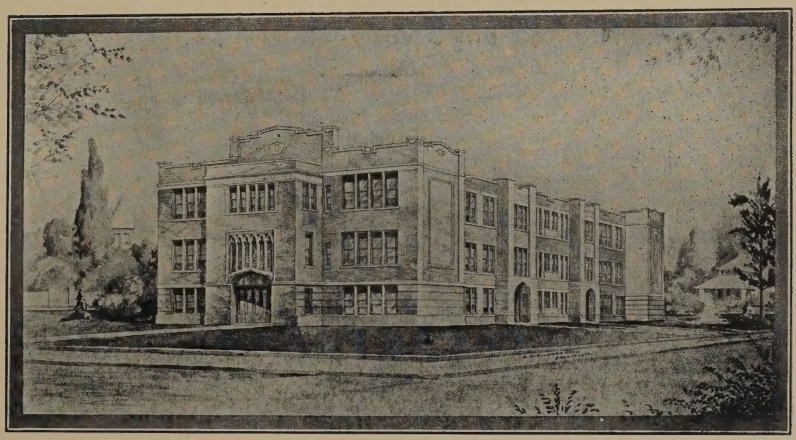
Of The

Auburn High School

Dedication

To Mr. H. L. McKenney, who has been a friend at all times, the Class of '19 dedicates this book as a token of their affection for him.

THE OLD

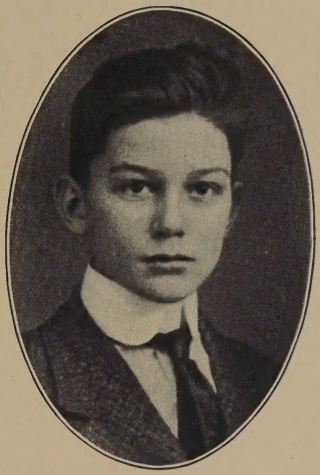


THE NEW

M. Boland

Died November 24, 1918

"If men are judged by deeds and not by words
Then here is one who always was a man,
For service is the measure God has given
To measure worth—since first this race began."



Charles Bengnot

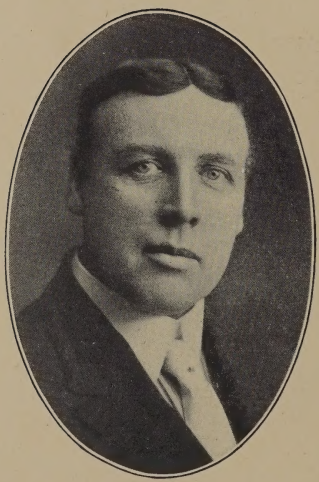
August 9, 1901 — September 2, 1916

One Who Was Loved and Respected by All His Classmates

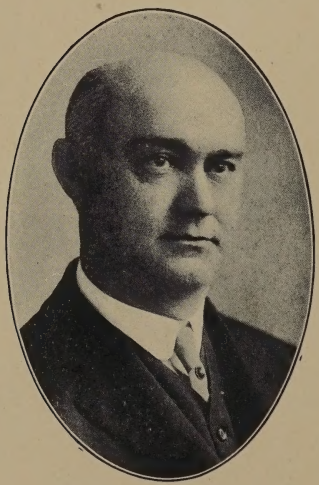
"Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust
Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must."

School Board

J. E. POMEROY
President



J. E. GRAHAM
Secretary



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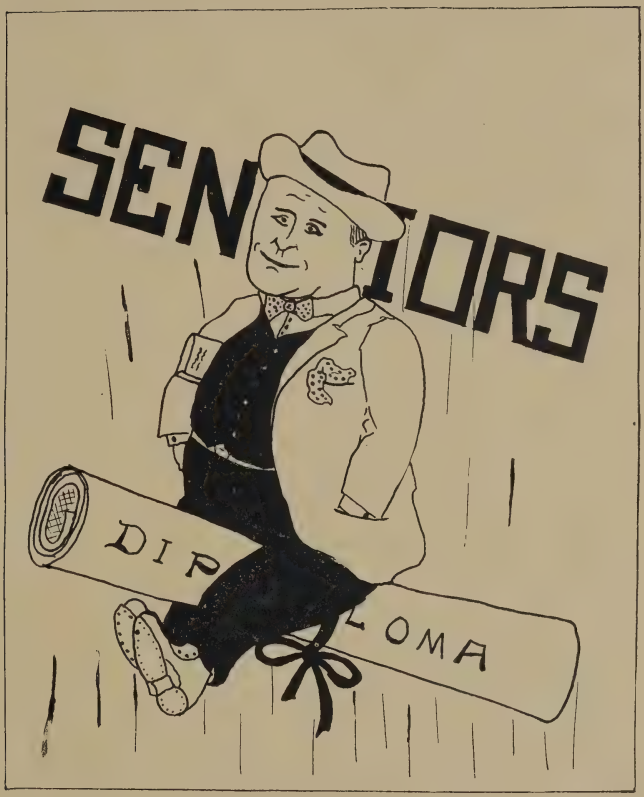
A. B.


SENIORS
DIP
LOMA

Staff

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF — SAM T. HANNA
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SOCIETY EDITOR — MAUDE STEELE

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ATHLETICS EDITOR — PAUL HUSSELMAN

ASSISTANT EDITORS
LEO NOIROT RALPH CLARK

ART EDITOR — RUTH CREASY

ASSISTANT EDITORS
ROGER GROGG JESSIE CARNAHAN

SNAPSHOTS — WILLIAM EAKRIGHT

WALTER WILSON

"Come on, let's yell."

Ike has been one of the busiest members of our class. For three years he has been our president, and that had ought to show you what we think of him. No basket-ball game has been complete without Ike there to lead the yelling. He did excellent work in the leading role of "The Man from Home."

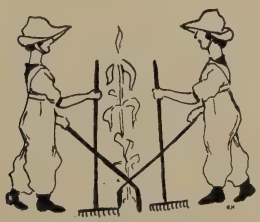
MAUDE STEELE

In everything—doing everything—she represents the theory of perpetual motion. As Society Editor of the annual "Steelie" did excellent work in writing up the social events of the class. Another one of "Steelie's" occupations is breaking the hearts of the various boys who happen to cross her path.

WILLIAM EAKRIGHT

"Bill the Giant-killer."

A big fellow with a big heart who has friends wherever he goes. Bill is a good Republican, always ready to argue, but he never carries his arguments far enough to offend anyone.



RUTH CAMPBELL

"I just love to go to the movies."

Ruth is a very quiet sort of girl, but far from being a pessimist. She never fails to enjoy herself and so gives joy to all. Her presence added to the success of many a party we have had.

ARTHUR MORR

We did not see Art around much this last year, but it is very probable that Ruth could tell you where he has been. As coach for the basket-ball team this past winter he did good work and is mainly responsible for the team's good showing.

RUTH CREASY

Ruth has been a star player on the girls' basket-ball team. She has always been a ready worker in class affairs. As Art Editor of the annual she has excelled.

JOHN MYERS

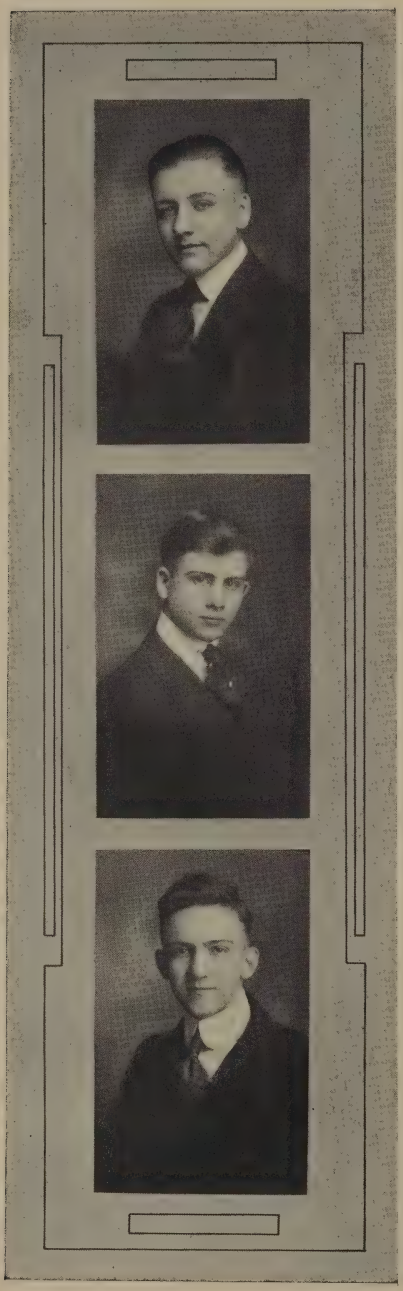
John says that he is glad he is small because he doesn't have to waste as much energy in walking as does a big fellow. This must be true because John is a good student and therefore he must put the energy he saves while walking into his studies.

CLELLAH LOCHNER

To her is due much of our success as a social unit in the High School. Clellah is as good a sport as ever existed on the face of the earth; we might refer you to quite a few gentlemen of our acquaintance.

GEORGE BORST

"Hownie" is the most noted ladies' man in the class. He is always good-natured and takes great delight in teasing some one. Altho he has been out of school quite a bit of the time we are glad to see him still a member of the Class of '19.



PAUL HUSSELMAN

During the past year Paul has acted as our Vice-President but he has very seldom had a chance to show his ability along this line. He has been a good secretary for the Athletic Association this season. His good nature has won for him many friends.

HAROLD BROWN

"We shall not look upon his like again."

Because Brownie is one of those rare good fellows whose nature it is to be respected by all, and to hold every man his friend. He accomplishes much with as little fuss as possible. We wish him the success, which he will surely gain, in whatever work he takes up.

SAM HANNA

The wise man of the class and yet a very agreeable fellow. To him is due most of the success of the annual for his work as Editor-in-Chief has been of the best. We have always wondered how Sam succeeded in getting such a good stand-in with all the teachers—especially some of the lady teachers. He always enjoys being on an "eats committee."

LEO NOIROT

A good scout and a fellow whom anyone is glad to call "friend." Besides being a regular live-wire, he is also one of our onion twins. If you have a Civics question to be answered, go to Leo. He can always answer it.

MARIE ICE

"My greatest virtue is silence."

Marie has been a valuable member of our class and altho she has not been the noisiest one at our class-meetings, yet she has done much to help the class along. Marie is a welcome addition to any gathering.

STANLEY BAXTER

"The faculty must not like the color of my hair."

Jit has a laugh like a fire-engine; was the principal exponent of Bolshevikism in Miss Mulvey's physics class; and has managed to go to school four years without blowing up the building.

MARIE PALMER

"What's the use of worrying? It never was worth while."

Marie never worries about anything today that she can worry about just as well tomorrow (and it's always tomorrow anyway).

HAROLD GRATE

"A smile upon his countenance sate,
To defy the gloomy threats of fate."

Pug could many a tale unfold to the faculty—if he only wanted to. He is one of the best liked fellows in the class. We predict that he could make a fortune as a clog-dancer. Pug is an especial favorite with Miss McGinnis and Miss Mulvey (?).

JESSIE MOFFET

"Would I were a lark to soar
Above the world and sing my joy."

Jessie has been the song-bird of our class—to the frequent annoyment of Miss Mulvey. She has won many friends thru her whole-hearted interest in class affairs. If we only could, we'd tell you his name, but we never could find it out.

JESSIE CARNAHAN

"Brains, thy name is Woman."

Jessie must have had quite a long time to think during the time it took her to get to school, judging from the results in the classroom. Furthermore she is just as much a credit to our class in a social gathering as she is in the school.

ROGER GROGG

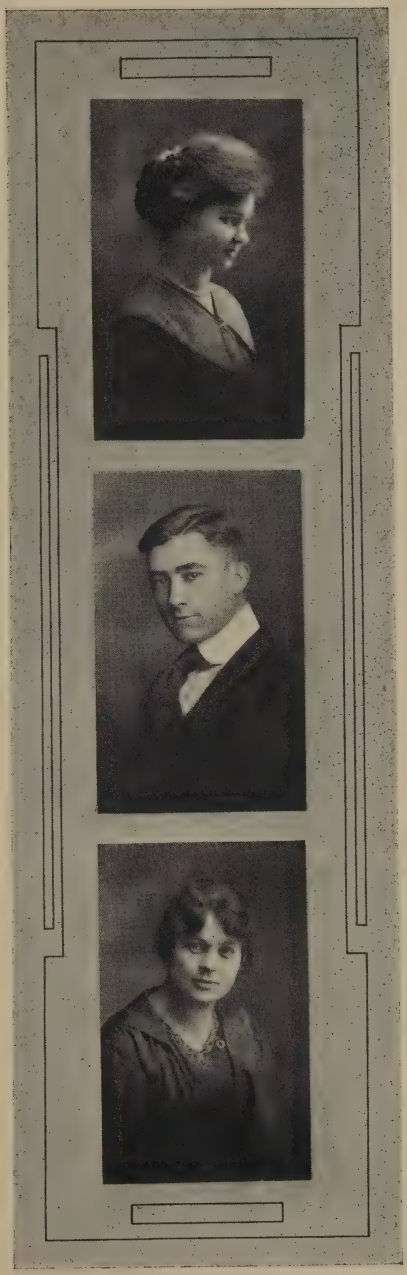
"Doddie."

"I wish I could go up in an airplane."

He has been our only representative on the boys' basket-ball team and much of its success is due to his efforts as captain and center. Dod seems to be attracted by one of the girls of our class. Look at some of the drawings in this book to see what sort of an artist he is.

LENORE FRANZ

There's a lot of fun in life if a person is only able to find it. Lenore has been one of the jolliest members of the class and always finds time outside of her "Caesar" to cheer up another member of the Class of '19.



SEELY WILSON

Is most noted for her blush. Seely is one of our out of town students, but her living in the country really adds rather than detracts from her ability as a student. Miss Mulvey's scolding always seemed to cast a spell over Seely, taking away her powers of speech.

RALPH CLARK

Ralph's spare moments all seemed to be spent in looking across the room at a certain member of the Class of '20. He has so much energy that he shakes the building when he walks across the room. His greatest resource in time of need is his vocabulary. Favorite song— "K-K-K-Katy."

RUTH SLAGLE

"Such childish pranks amuse me not."

To look at Ruth you would not think her to be the senior member of the class. She has been with us for two years and has won the regards of all by her unassuming manner and really human traits.

Vale

Now the paths we've trodden together separate;
Too soon the time has flown that we have spent within thy walls;
And we must part at last—too late
To evermore rove joyous t'ru thy halls.

Old comrades part, but memory remains—and thou,
A link to bind us with the past as years roll on.
Shall be there always tho thy time-worn walls stand not as now—
For memory lies within the heart of everyone.

Is youth so short or manhood's trail so steep,
That we should not pass onward merrily,
Nor drink of life to dream in useless sleep,
While others use their pittance helpfully?

Not so—but may the lessons you have taught
Give us the strength to do—nor idly prate—
And humble tho the deeds may be, it reckons not:
True greatness lies not always with the great.

We do but go, and others take the place
Which we have filled—it matters naught;
These others do but follow in that mighty race—
And they in turn must use the lessons you have taught.

Class History

A Short Message From Our Secretary of War Concerning the War Between the Class of '19 and the Forces of Ignorance [1915-19 A. D.]

FIRST SKIRMISH—(Sept., 1915-June, 1916.)

The war broke out early in September with fifty-six raw recruits answering the first roll-call. At once the regiment which had entered the service the preceding year, hastened to annoy us by calling us such names as freshmen, etc. After a good initiation we began to organize our army.

By popular vote Robert Altenburg was chosen commander and Hazel Groscup was placed second in command with the rank of lieutenant. Walter Willson was chosen to keep a record of the proceedings, while Robert Dennison took charge of the financial affairs. Mr. Parish was chief advisor at our councils of war.

Then took place the preliminary events which preceded the battle proper. A great deal of time had to be spent in training the soldiers and getting them to understand that discipline and obedience were essential in such warfare. At last we began to have some semblance to an army and the siege began in earnest.

Some of the soldiers found time to indulge in athletics and some time was spent upon social events, but the most of our attention was focused on the enemy.

THE BATTLE OF ALGEBRA AND ANCIENT HISTORY (Sept., 1916-June, 1917).

When the roll was called before the attack began, we found that there were but thirty-four fighters in the ranks. Some had fallen in battle but most of those missing were deserters. However, our lack of numbers did not affect our morale.

At this time Walter Willson was chosen commander and Bernice Menges became lieutenant; Stanley Baxter kept the record and John Myers controlled the treasury. Miss Seiler advised us at our councils of war.

A hard fought battle ensued; but between the many assaults on the enemy we succeeded in having some good times. During the first lull in the fighting we gathered at Ruth Campbell's home and had such a good time that for the time being we forgot the foe. At another time we enjoyed ourselves at the home of Jit Baxter. Of course not all the soldiers attended these parties, as some had to remain on guard duty. Near the close of the battle, when the enemy seemed to be nearly worn out, we succeeded in staging a weiner roast, and a little later a bob-ride.

THE BATTLE OF THE NEAR-GREAT. (Sept., 1917-June, 1918).

Again we fell in line and marched to meet the enemy, with but twenty-six soldiers in the ranks, but all of them veterans. We were all in the pink of condition

and everything went off like clockwork with 'Ike," the famous fighter, in command. Glenoris Rogers became lieutenant, Paul Husselman looked after the records, and John Myers again took charge of the finances. Mr. Fairfield advised us at our councils until he was called to a larger battle, then Miss Dowden took his place.

The battle was stubbornly fought and but little time was spent in a social way. A party at Husselman's occupied our time during the first lull. Later our regiment gave a picnic to the oldest regiment in the service. At another time a bob-ride took place to lessen the monotony.

Altho our progress seemed slow we finally succeeded in driving the enemy to his second line trenches.

THE BATTLE OF SHEEPSKIN HEIGHTS. (Sept., 1918-June, 1919).

Twenty-six veterans rallied under the Old Rose and Gray and with great hope we took to our trenches. Our success seemed assured because "Ike" and John were again among the officers in command. Paul was named lieutenant, while "Bill" Eakright kept the records. Miss Bateman assisted us until her resignation, then Miss Herron took her place.

This was the last and most important battle and we were hammering away at the enemy most of the time. However, we found time to have a class-party at Ruth Creasy's and a farewell party for Miss Bateman was held at Lochner's. When victory was assured, we gave the regiment that was mustered in during our second year, a picnic.

At last the enemy was defeated and forced to come to our terms. An armistice was signed, a copy of this being presented to each individual of our army, this precaution being taken to prevent the enemy from again gaining too much power.

—Harold Brown.

Day Dreams

Now I go ahead in fancy
To years that are not as yet,
And I see myself and comrade
By the "pearly entrance" set.

On which side I was standing,
I cannot let you see;
For I am quite uncertain,—
And 'twould not be fair to me.

But I can see quite plainly,
As I look down from the skies,
That which may not be known on earth
But is seen from Paradise.

And my comrade turning to me,
Says in accents earthly keen,
"Say, pal, and could you tell me
'Bout the class of old '19?"

Then I turn my keen gaze earthward,
Voicing events so true,
Of the lives of my old classmates,
Of your comrades, and of you.

"First I see old Hussie standing
By his worthy spouse's side;
This staid and sober statesman
Is now his country's pride.

"And 'round the hearth-fire reclining
Is noble papa's joy,
For thirteen children has he got,—
And every one a boy!

"But turn your eyes to the country-side,
Who's that beside the plow?
'Tis Ralph Clark, good old fellow,
Our greatest farmer now.

"Across the meadows verdure
Steps his wife so tried and true,
She is our old friend's pride and joy—
I think you can guess who.

"And from the nation's center,
Heart of its joys and frets,
Hear Clellah's passioned pleading,—for
She's Queen of Suffragettes.

"But stop. A small voice prompts me,
That tho her ways are set,
There's a handsome gentleman on earth
Who's bound to have her yet.

"And this worthy Walter Willson—
As he's the one I meant—
On earth is highest of that class,
For he is President.

"In the government of this noble man
Voices known of old I hear;
And faces long remembered
Begin now to appear.

"For here's a runt whom I should know—
He was our High School's curse,
But tho John dunned us boys of old,
Now he holds the nation's purse.

"Boisterous tho he was at school,
I there see Harold Brown;
As a cut-up he had always been,
They could not hold him down.

"Marie Palmer and Ruth Creasy
Work here with heart and head,
Altho they flirted much of yore,
They now must earn their bread.

"Maude Steele is an old maid as yet,
Don't laugh! She is heart-sick;
She had many a fellow long ago
But by her they would not stick.

"Ah! Here's a girl who's happy
In blissful married life,
Ruth Slagle gave up long ago;
She is a happy wife.

"Duck, friend. I know the villain.
This aerial road-hog;
'Tis our old class aviator,
The far-famed Roger Grogg.

"Again below your eyes do cast,
Aha! I smell a mouse;
There's speedy Bill, our long lost friend,
Head of the old poor-house.

"There's Auburn's famous scientist;
And tho she is a girl,
The thoughts from Jessie Carnahan sprung,
Have set the earth awhirl.

"To every corner of the earth
Spreads Jessie Moffet's fame;
The greatest actress e'er there lived,
And greatest of her name.

"George Borst was once a ladies' man,
But now—sad to relate,
George heads a young ladies' school—poor things,
They dare not have a date.

"Lenore and Seely Wilson
Have spread their fame afar,
In making untold fortune
By staying where they are.

"They make a novel engine,
And fortune them confronts,
For this engine sweeps a woman's house—
Without her moving once.

"Marie Ice is somewhat noted
And nearly heads this list,
Altho you may not think it, she's
Earth's greatest humorist.

"Ruth Campbell did not wish for fame,
She is content to be
The wife of Leo Noirot—
And Auburn's Mayor is he.

"Art Morr took up boxing,—
Upon this very date,
He fulfills his life's purpose,—now
Art's champion heavyweight."

Then closer to the Heavenly Gates
A single figure drew,
And by his noble face I thought
He was a man I knew.

Yes, this was old Jit Baxter,
Come, his reward to claim,
Greater preacher than Billy Sunday
On earth he won his fame.

From out the gates thrown open
A welcome committee drew,
There were Miss Fitch, McKenney—
All the teachers once we knew,

Miss McGinnis and Miss Herron,
Miss Mulvey, Miss Armstrong,
Miss McIntyre, and Miss Seiler
Break from that heavenly throng.

They throw their arms around him
And their clutches on him set,
Then draw him into Heaven—Jit
Was always teacher's pet.

Then I recall my lifetime struggles
As hobo on the road.
For I was one who always held
All earth as my abode.

The meals I begged at kitchen doors,
The kicks I took with zest,
The soggy ground I trampled round
E'er I lay down to rest.

The fellowship by roadside fire
Which came at my behest;
The sky o'erhead, God's earth beneath—
These riches were the best.

But comrades, this is not yet come,
And we have years to wait,
E'er we can tell how these poor words
Miscalculated fate. —S. T. H.

I Wonder Where Dat Freshy Ess?
Freshy.
JUNIORS.
FRESHMEN.
SOPHOMORES.
Diploma
Junior
T. N. Grogg

Juniors

President ..... Virginia Wigent
Vice-President ..... Helen Dawson
Treasurer ..... Pauline Williams
Secretary ..... Harold Nugen
Class Principal ..... Miss Armstrong

Class Motto—Life is what you make it.
Class Flower—Daffodil.
Class Colors—White and Gold.

Class History

In the fall of '16 it seemed to us freshies that we must have been a set of rare specimens, judging from the attitude of the upper classmen. We had a good class nevertheless. Our class officials were: Pres., Donald Brown; Vice-Pres., Jessie Boland; Treas., Garner Cupp; Sec., Esther Bauer; and Class Principal, Mr. Heeter. Our first party was at the Hodge home, north of town. This was a Hallowe'en and hayrack party combined. We had two other parties, one at Helen Dawson's and the other at the home of Robert Sheets.

The following year was begun with fifty-six enrolled. Officers were: Pres., Robert Sheets; Vice-Pres., Kate Essig; Treas., Esther Teeters; Sec., Amber Reesch; Class Principal, Miss Seiler. The largest party of the year was held at the home of Ward Horn. This was a Sophomore-Junior bobsled party. We also had two other parties, one a Valentine party at Lucille Rhoads' and the other at Robert Sheets'.

This year our class is still smaller but it retains its former quality. Quite early in the year we discovered that Woman Suffrage was getting a firm hold on the class. The results of the election of officers will verify this statement: Pres., Virginia Wigent; Vice-Pres., Helen Dawson; Treas., Pauline Williams; Sec., Harold Nugen. We have had two parties this year.

—H. M.

Sophomores

President ..... Gladwyn Graham
Vice-President ..... Fisher West
Treasurer ..... Berniece Lanning
Secretary ..... Victor Chase
Class Principal ..... Miss Fitch

Class Motto—Good, better, best,
Never let it rest,
Till your good is better
And your better best.

Class Flower—Violet.

Class Colors—Scarlet and Silver.

Class History

The curtain arose for the first time on our little comedy at 8:30 A. M., September 9, 1917. Since all the actors in our cast were a little new, they had some difficulty in finding their places on the stage. Miss Fitch was given the responsibility of being stage manager, while Henry Elliot as President, Gilbert Folk as Vice-President, Gene Brown as Treasurer, and Lois Zimmerman as Secretary, made up the dramatic personae, with seventy assistants. It can be said we were lucky to stage four successful scenes in our first act. (All in the form of class parties.)

At our first one, at the home of Lois Zimmerman, everyone had a little stage-fright, and it took some lively efforts on the part of the stage-manager to start things going. But the pickles did go. The second scene was in the home of Howard Ashleman. Here we all learned how to get dates (?). The third scene was in the home of Gladwyn Graham, nothing very eventful happening except that one certain person put in a night call. The fourth, and one of the most exciting scenes of the act, was at the home of Ruth Schlink. Everything went smoothly until it was time to serve our Hoosier refreshments, and then——? What about the ice cream, you Sophomores?

The curtain rose for the second time, September 9, 1918, on fifty-seven self-confident sophomores. (We had forgotten it was but three months since we were freshies.) Gladwyn Graham took the stellar role, while Miss Fitch resumed her duties as stage-manager. As in the first act, all the scenes were in the form of class parties. The first was in the home of Aileen Willennar, the second was in the home of Fisher West. The third was at the home of Elbert Close. This however, was not the fault of the leading man as he nearly tore his hair to obtain one on a bob-sled. The fourth and (perhaps?) one of the most lively ones was at the home of Randall Walter. Altho we have enjoyed the second act of our comedy as much, if not more than we did the first, we are sure we shall enjoy a three months' intermission, and more if our managers are willing.

Watch for the curtain to fall the last time on the little comedy of the class of '21.

—E. T.

Freshmen

President ..... Edwin Rainier
Vice-President ..... Geraldine Wimer
Treasurer ..... Harold Gengnagel
Secretary ..... Iris Ladd
Class Principal ..... Miss McIntyre

Class Motto—Push, Punch, Pep, and Service.
Class Flower—Sweetpea.
Class Color—Maroon and cream.

Class History

On September 6, 1918, sixty-eight of us assembled in Room I to begin our careers as high school students. When we came to the high school we found everything so different from what we had been accustomed to that we felt like strangers in a new country. For awhile we made all kinds of mistakes, but after a week most of us had learned the rules—or at least thought we had. As most of our mistakes were overlooked we got along all right and we soon felt at home.

Early in the year some of the upper classmen took it upon themselves to show us some fun, or else to teach us the rules—we never learned which it was. They caught some of us and treated a few rather roughly, but as a whole they let us off easier than we expected. In September the upper classes gave us a reception.

In the latter part of November we perfected our organization. Edwin Rainier was chosen President; Geraldine Wimer, Vice-President; Harold Gengnagel, Treasurer; and Iris Ladd, Secretary. After this we had other meetings and soon had our class ready for business. We all entered into the class spirit and did our best to make our class a success.

During the year we had a party at the Surface home and one at the Noirot home.

As to how far our class will be successful only time can tell. We hope that our success as students will make up for our deficiency in numbers, and that we may be looked upon with favor by the rest of the school. —E. R.

Junior Roll

Ethel Amstutz
Berniece Baker
Rhuea Bateman
Esther Bauer
Marie Bauer
Jessie Boland
Donald Brown
Harriet Brown
Velma Buttermore
Manila Damman
Helen Dawson
Kate Essig
Lawton Feagler
Clare Grubb
Addie Mae Guild
Lucile Hoodelmier
Ward Horn
Carl Huffman
Guinevere Jellison
Helen Kuhlman
Helen Likens
Donald Long
Harold McGrew
Garcile Miller
Ruth Musser
Harold Nugen
Eugene Prickett
Amber Reesch
Lucile Rhoads
Robert Sheets
John Slater
Esther Teeters
Virginia Wigent
Pauline Williams
Bessie Wilson
Ross Wilson

Sophomore Roll

Harold Abel
Ruth Apt
Howard Ashleman
James Baker
Lotus Berry
Ralph Bishop
James Bower
Laurel Carper
Victor Chase
Elbert Close
George Collette
Rolla Dove
Henry Elliot
Marcelle Engle
Grace Erskine
Ralph Fell
Gilbert Folk
Mildred Frank
Harold Franz
Dorothy Garrett
Ruth Ginder
Gladwyn Graham
Lester Grambling
Glen Heffley
Esther Mae Hook
Gareth Jellison
Hattie Jenner
Harry Landy
Berniece Lanning
Elsta Moudy
Cleo Rakestraw
Elmer Rhinehold
Florence Rogers
Helen Rugman
Ruth Schlink
Jesse Shafer
Lenore Sheets
Yula Showers
Elva Tess
Eleanor Theek
Randall Walters
Blanche Watson
Orpha Weeks
Fisher West
George Wildeson
Aileen Willennar
Beatrice Willson
Walter Wise
Merl Woolever
Lois Zimmerman
Mildred Zell

Freshman Roll

Kenneth Abel
LeRoy Arens
Laura Baker
Wesley Bauer
Irene Bills
Paul Bourns
LeNoir Brandon
Eugene Browand
Eugene Brown
Grace Burns
Eugene Campbell
Charles Capen
Grace Carper
Mildred Cosper
Helen Daniel
Ruth Eakright
Paul Garver
Harold Gengnagel
Lewis Gibford
Edith Glendenning
Hilda Habig
Francis Hogue
Marcile Holman
Edna Hook
Helen Korff
Iris Ladd
Marian Link
Mabel Lower
Dorothea Lumm
Homer Madden
Eillene McGrew
Warren McNabb
Lucile Miller
Ruth Moffet
Eula Moore
Wayne Mountz
Raymond Noirot
Ora Norris
Guy Peckhart
Bernard Plum
Edwin Rainier
Angilla Shook
Harry Smith
Roscoe Smith
Irvin Stroh
Russell Stroh
Mae Surfus
Washington Teeters
Elma Trenary
Jessie Walker
Myron Watson
Merle Wilson
Geraldine Wimer
Jennie Zell
Anna Zimmerman
Vera Walter
Charles Quance

SOCIETY
R.E.C. '19

'19

Number, please.—Give me 812 Green.—Ding-a-ling—a-ling.

Hello, Bill. Is that you?

Yes—why, is that you, Steelie? Why didn't you go to the Court last night like you said you would?

Well, Bill, I was going to call you up—the—well, it was a class party up at Ruth Creasy's—Fun, well, I guess we did, we had to go real early to avoid the rush—Eats did you say? Well, we surely did. You know what a good cook Ruth is, she had to hurry home to prepare it, too, as it was right after basketball practice.—Did you ask if many of the teachers were there? Why, Bill, I believe it was the first time in the history of the High School that every teacher was there. Real exciting all the way thru.—Oh, you—were there games. Everything was quiet when Sam Hanna introduced Mr. William Eakright, who was asking a divorce from his wife, Maude (Steele) Eakright. It was loads of fun, tho—it surely was a good thing that the party wasn't on a school night—And to think that some of the Seniors had to be reminded that it was time to go home—Everything went off fine, especially the dance Jessie Moffet and Marie Palmer gave—Oh, no, the faculty didn't see it—Well, Bill, we'll go to the show some other night. Good-by.

Another One

Of course, you wouldn't know me, very few people do, as I don't go any place to speak of. I'm a little yellow canary named Billy, and I live at Lochner's—the very same place where Clellah lives.

One day Clellah came home from school—no, she didn't get any letters that day because a letter didn't have anything to do in this case—but she asked her mother if she might have a class party at her house. I guess her mother said she could for she began planning and about 7:30 one Wednesday evening, the door-bell would ring and in would come a couple people, I guess they were what one would call the faculty; then pretty soon younger people would come—sometimes there would be a few boys and then a couple girls, then both boys and girls (but not so oft n). I'm real glad they didn't see me, because I didn't think it would be such a dressy affair.

After all the people got there they played games and seemed to be having a real good time. Then Miss Bateman, a member of the faculty, gave a very interesting talk, thanking all the Seniors for the nice class party in her honor. Pretty soon several other teachers got up and said they were very sorry that Miss Bateman was leaving that her place would be very hard to fill. If all the teachers are like that in the High School, I wouldn't mind having to go myself, instead of just hanging here in my cage, singing once in a while to attract some attention.

Then a boy named Pug Grate spoke. I guess he was speaking for the whole Senior Class. (Anyway, that's what I heard.)

I must have gone to sleep for the next thing I remember they began getting on their wraps, and I wonder to this day what all I missed when I was asleep. I could hear them saying, "O, that ice-cream made me cold," and "I do hate to get up and go to school tomorrow." I guess they had a good time all right, for I heard them tell Clellah as they were leaving, "For my part I wouldn't mind having a party like that every week."

A. M. S.—19.

'20

The Juniors have not had as many parties this year as in previous years due to the fact that the students have been engaged in athletics and other school activities. Nevertheless, we have had two very enjoyable social affairs besides the parties which were given for the entire school.

The first was a weinie roast held north of Auburn in a very beautiful woods near the home of Helen Dawson. We walked out, carrying the eats with us. Some had sacks, others had none, and several had two. (The names of the latter are not for publication.) The most exciting incident during the walk occurred when gravity exerted its power over Bob Sheets—he carried away a great deal of the Ashley road. A roaring fire was built at the place where we decided to eat, and in a few minutes the air was filled with the sound of hot dogs barking. A large number of the students attended, Miss Armstrong and Miss McGinnis accompanying us.

Our next party was held at Virginia Wigent's in honor of St. Patrick's Day. The house was decorated in green and appropriate games were played. An embarrassing test was given in Geography. (It also tested the ability of some in cheating.) We "kept the pig in the parlor," and also played winkum and other games. Tick Kuhlman distinguished himself (?) by trying to tell a date (perhaps Tick is not good at such things), anyway the charm failed to work. Dainty refreshments were served, after which—to the astonishment of all—it was quite late, and we are not in the habit of being out late (?) we made a sudden departure. A. M. G.—20.

'21

The Sophomores had four class parties during the year. Early in the fall we were entertained at the home of Aileen Willennar. This occasion was marked by the beginning of a romance which has since become famous. By some freak of fate (?) Eleanor and Fisher were partners during the strolling party and remained together all evening. The refreshments were unmolested by the Juniors—a very unusual circumstance.

We had some difficulty in arranging a second party, but we finally had it during the holidays. Fisher West was the host. The main feature of this party was that we did NOT play winkum.

Our third appearance in society was at the home of Elbert Close. Here we found Miss McGinnis to be a woman of her word, for she sang for us in fulfillment of a long made promise. Other musical numbers were given by a quartet. One selection they rendered so sympathetically and appealingly that a few of the more tender-hearted boys actually shed tears. A nice little game was enjoyed by four of the boys upstairs, during the evening. The winners are not known but it is suspected that the winnings were rather small.

The fourth party was at the home of Randall Walters. An exciting game was being greatly enjoyed—as the old saying goes, "forbidden fruits are the sweetest"—when the class principal arrived. This game was replaced with others just as interesting; the climax of the evening coming when the refreshments were brought in—and such refreshments—Oh, Boy! —L. Z. '21.

'22

As this was our first year we were rather shy about appearing in society. Finally our dignified president realized the fact that we wanted a party and as a result we had one at Mae Surface's. We played a guessing game which was followed by a long stroll. It was a rather ticklish business to get partners for some freshies, as a mixture of timidness and partiality prevailed.

A second party was held at Raymond Noirot's at which all enjoyed a very original story read by Eugene Campbell. A lively game of winkum was played in which Miss McIntyre's laugh was enjoyed immensely. People are sure to be noticed when coming late and going early, so ONE couple took this as their method of gaining attention. Our usual stroll was taken and to our astonishment Geraldine and Myron did not change partners once during the evening. Several pretty pieces were played by Paul Garver and the Edison.

Our third party was held at Homer (better known as Dink) Madden's. Much to our sorrow, not a teacher was present. A barber shop was established for our amusement, alth several of the boys did not know how to make use of it—especially Edwin. The thought of being kissed by a girl startled him so that he sat for awhile as if he expected another. The boys attempted to show some of the girls how to play the game but got a little mixed up about the rules and forgot there were any girls behind the chairs. Marion Link was especially favored by Harold Gengnagle. Some of the class enjoyed the game Dry Booze; others enjoyed still another game!

Freshmen Reception

It is the duty of the three upper classes to see that the Freshmen are introduced into the high school life early in the season. The first reception to be given to a freshman class occurred when the members of the present graduating class were freshmen, and so we are glad to see this custom, which marked our entrance into the Auburn High, still kept up by the upper classes.

The reception was given on a glorious night in September and everything went off fine—except that the "High" platform somewhat embarrassed the dignified president of the Freshman class. (Was the Senior president used to such a platform? Oh, yes. He had given speeches before on the very same platform.) Several other speeches were given and some good music was enjoyed—especially that rendered by the Faculty Quartet (?).

As a result of the evening's gathering the upper classmen became acquainted with the Freshmen while the Freshmen were initiated into the high school life. The Sophs, Juniors and Seniors left the Y well satisfied with the new members of the high school family.

A Hoosier-Buckeye Party

After the game between the Bryan girls and the Auburn girls an informal party was given at the Y. M. C. A. in honor of the former team. In addition to the two girls teams, members of the boys' First and Second Teams were present. A game was played for the benefit of the Hoosiers but was enjoyed by the Bryan girls as well. Afterwards partners were drawn by lot and proceeded to the basement where refreshments, prepared by a committee of high school girls, were served.

Speeches were given by the coaches, captains, and a few others after which the party broke up.

The Bryan girls had a fine bunch and we can say no less for our Second Team. (But you know—"Distance lends enchantment.")

Valentine Party

On the evening of February the fifteenth the girls of the high school entertained the boys at the Y. M. C. A. Everyone was given a card, as he entered, to be matched with another—rather a family affair. Later in the evening a mock wedding was solemnized. Lucile Hoodelmier became the faithful wife of John Myers; Pauline Williams and Jit Baxter were the mother and father of the bride, while Professor Youngblood united the happy couple. A fancy drill was given by ten of the most awkward fellows in High School.

After finding each other's partners everyone marched down to the dining room where a dainty lunch was served by several of the High School gir's. At ten-thirty the halls were cleared and the party was over.

(As several social events occurred of which we were not able to give an account in the annual, the following space is left to those who wish to put in their own writeups. Scribe on!)

Hi-Y

OFFICERS FOR 1918-19.		OFFICERS FOR 1919-20.	
Sam Hanna	President	Henry Elliot	President
Paul Husselman	Vice-President	Gladwyn Graham	Vice-President
Ralph Fell	Treasurer	Eugene Browand	Treasurer
Henry Elliot	Secretary	Jesse Shafer	Secretary

The Hi-Y Club was organized in 1917 and membership was extended to every boy in High School. The purpose of the club is to create, maintain, and extend throughout the school high standards of christian character, and to bring the boys of the High School into closer fellowship.

At the beginning of the school year the members of the club assisted in the reception given by the school to the Freshmen. This and the suppers given every meeting night constituted the social life of the club.

Regular meetings were held every Wednesday evening, some business or professional man of the city giving a talk at each meeting. Topics for discussion were also distributed among the members. In this way the evenings were very socially and advantageously spent.

Much credit is due Mr. Binford for the assistance he has given the club. He has been of great help to the fellows and has taken great interest in their work.

The club is an important factor in the High School and it is to be hoped that more boys than ever before will be members next year. —R. F.

ATHL TICS

Forwards—E. Brown, Huffman; Center—Grogg; Guards—Elliot, Franz; Subs.—D. Brown, Bishop, Noirot, Shafer, Horn.

SCHEDULE

Home Team.		
Auburn 42	St. Joe	16
Waterloo 13	Auburn	27
St. Joe 33	Auburn	34
Butler 15	Auburn	36
Auburn 11	Kendallville	6
Auburn 24	Waterloo	25
P. Lake 15	Auburn	21

Auburn 28	Angola 30
Kendallville 29	Auburn 10
Auburn 38	2nd Team 15
Angola 21	Auburn 19
Auburn 73	Butler 10

AT TOURNAMENT

Auburn 19	Cromwell 13
Auburn 12	Kendallville 19

Field Goals—Huffman, 29; E. Brown, 20; Grogg, 24; Elliot, 15; Franz, 22; D. Brown, 30; Bishop, 26.

Free Throws—Brown, 18; Bishop, 11; Elliot, 11.

Early in November Mr. McKenney called a mass-meeting of the boys in order to obtain candidates for the Boys' Basketball Team. A very large number came out to the first practice. As the season wore on the weaker ones fell out, leaving about 14, besides the first team, to practice. As no coach was available, Arthur Morr, '19, offered his services and much credit must be given to him for the way he handled the team. After the first team was selected Grogg, '19, was elected captain, being well fitted for this position.

Grogg, '19, center and captain, was always on the job. He made many baskets and his floor work was of the highest standard. Altho he ran up against many fellows bigger than he, very few of them got the tip-off from him.

E. Brown, '21, and Huffman, '20, forwards, were very efficient and developed splendid team-work. They played a very fast game and were always a menace to the opposing guards. Many baskets were made by this pair and they upheld the spirits of the whole team.

Franz, '21, and Elliot, '21, guards, were fast on the floor and accounted for a number of points by their spectacular long shots. Franz played the floor while Elliot was the back-guard. Elliot is one of the best guards that Auburn has ever seen, and with Franz for a teammate, Auburn High will not need to worry about guards for her next year's team.

D. Brown, Noirot and Bishop, substitutes, were strong factors on the team. D. Brown and Bishop worked together as forwards in several games and showed up well. Noirot played a strong game with the Second Team until nearly the end of the season, when he was put on the varsity squad, where he made good.

Altho we lose Grogg by graduation, we have much to look forward to. The outlook for the next season is good and the material which was formed this year will surely put a successful team on the floor next year.

The Second Team was not organized until the basketball season was nearly over. This team did much by giving the varsity good practice. Only three games were played but these showed the material that the second team were made of.

The first game was with the Kendallville Second Team, resulting in a victory for our boys, 15-11. In the second game, played with the varsity at the Coliseum, the second team was defeated, which was to be expected, 38-15. The third game, with the Waterloo Second Team, resulted in an easy victory, 31-19.

Forwards—Willson, Shafer; Center—Feagler; Guards—Noirot, Clark; Substitute—Horn.

Forwards—Amstutz, Boland; Centers—Steele, Williams; Guards—Kuhlman, Creasy; Subs.—Schlink, Hoodelmier, Guild, Zimmerman, Bateman, Lanning, Rhoads.

SCHEDULE

Home Team.		
Auburn 2	Campfire	8
Waterloo 9	Auburn	12
St. Joe 3	Auburn	35
Butler 17	Auburn	9
Auburn 19	Kendallville	6
Auburn 9	Waterloo	12
Auburn 12	Campfire	17
Kendallville 13	Auburn	6
Auburn 23	Bryan	4
Bryan 13	Auburn	16
Auburn 23	Butler	10

Field Goals—Amstutz, 31; Boland, 25; Guild, 9.

Free Throws—Boland, 23; Guild, 7.

Under the able coaching of Miss Fitch and Mr. McKenney a strong team has been developed. There were many candidates at the beginning of the season, and a hard fight for positions ensued. Maude Steele, '19, was elected captain and she piloted the team throughout the season in a most creditable manner.

Amstutz, '20, and Boland, '20, forwards, proved very capable for the positions they held. They were good both on the defensive and aggressive. Boland shot the free-throws and added many points to her credit in this manner, also placing many field goals in for Auburn. The star on field goals, however, was Amstutz, who was not only a good basket shooter but an exceedingly fast forward as well.

Steele, '19, and Williams, '19, centers, were very fast and it took a good center to get the tip-off from Maude. Williams played a steady game at side center and was always in the game.

Kuhlman, '20, and Creasy, '19, guards, played an excellent defensive game. Much credit is to be given Kuhlman for her superb work and the long passes which she made. She will be a strong factor in next year's team and we hope she will continue her good work. Creasy was especialy good on the defensive and was always ready when she got the ball to send it back under our goal.

Schlink, Hoodelmier, Guild, Zimmerman, Bateman, Lanning and Rhoads, substitutes, showed their ability as players when they were permitted to enter the game. They will furnish good material for next year's team.

Steele and Creasy will both be lost thru graduation and will leave a gap in the line-up which will be hard to fill.

The Alumni girls deserve much credit for their help in developing the team. They aided our girls at many of their practices and offered more resistance than many of the opposing teams.

The Tournament

The Seventh Annual District Tournament was held in the gymnasium of the Kendallville High School, March 7 and 8, 1919. The place was crowded at every game, a large number of people going from the surrounding towns.

Auburn won her first game in the tourney from Cromwell by a score of 19 to 13, but was eliminated in the second game (with Kendallville) by a score of 19 to 12. This was the best game of the tourney, both teams doing spectacular work.

The finals were between Angola and Kendallville. Angola failed to get started for some reason or other, not getting a field goal during the entire game, and scoring on only three free throws. When time was up the score stood 30 to 3.

Kendallville as winner was entitled to represent this district at the State Basket Ball Tournament which was held at Purdue University, March 13 and 14, where she was eliminated by Emerson High of Gary, thus defeating our hopes of seeing this district win the State Championship.

Tournament Schedule

FRIDAY

9:00 A. M.—St. Joe 33	Hudson	20
10:00 A. M.—Salem 9	Angola	25
11:00 A. M.—Waterloo 37	Fremont	19
1:00 P. M.—Spencerville 0	Ashley	2
2:00 P. M.—Auburn 19	Cromwell	13
3:00 P. M.—Kendallville 48	Flint	2
4:00 P. M.—Butler 16	Churubusco	21
7:30 P. M.—P. Lake 12	Wolf Lake	21
8:30 P. M.—St. Joe 15	Angola	16

SATURDAY

8:00 A. M.—Waterloo 24	Ashley	7
9:00 A. M.—Kendallville 19	Auburn	12
10:00 A. M.—Wolf Lake 28	Churubusco	13
2:00 P. M.—Angola 34	Waterloo	14
3:00 P. M.—Kendallville 33	Wolf Lake	14
8:00 P. M.—Kendallville 30	Angola	3

Indoor Field Meet

An indoor field and aquatic meet was held at the Y. M. C. A., Friday, March 28, beginning at seven o'clock in the evening. Every class in the school had participants in the various events, the girls having special events. The three lower classes were well represented while the Seniors were only represented by one person, namely, Grogg, with the exception of those taking part in the boys' relay race. Altho the Seniors only had one man entered, he took all the first places in the field events. The Seniors lost their chance of taking first place because of their failure to place any entries in the aquatic events. The Sophomores were the high point-getters of the evening, winning the pennant. James Bower was the high point man of the evening, making a total of 27. Bower won all these points in the aquatic events. At the

close the Sophomores had a total of 71 points, Seniors 35 points, Freshmen 33 points, and Juniors 28 points.

After the events a pot-luck supper was served. There were a lot of eats and everyone sure did justice to them. Harold Grate, Senior, did spectacular work in the eating contest, winning first place over Victor Chase, Sophomore, by one cookie.

SCORE OF EVENTS.

Shot put, 12-pound—1st, Roger Grogg, senior, 35 feet 7 inches; 2nd, Lawton Feagler, junior, 31 feet 9 inches; 3rd, Eugene Brown, 29 feet 10 inches.

Medicine ball throw (girls)—1st, Pauline Williams, junior, 33 feet; 2nd, Orpha Weeks, sophomore, 30 feet 5 inches; 3rd, Ethel Amstutz, junior.

Standing high jump (boys)—1st, Roger Grogg, senior, 52 inches; 2nd, Edwin Rainier, freshman, 51 inches; 3rd, Jesse Shafer, sophomore, 47 inches.

Running high jump (boys)—1st, Roger Grogg, senior, 62 inches; 2nd, Lawton Feagler, junior, 61 inches; 3rd, Eugene Brown, freshman, 58 inches.

Running high jump (girls)—1st, Pauline Williams, junior, 44 inches; 2nd, Lucille Hoodelmier, junior, 44 inches, (tie); 3rd, Berniece Lanning, sophomore, 43 inches.

Pole climb—1st, Roger Grogg, 7 seconds; 2nd, Kenneth Abel, freshman, 9 4-5 seconds; 3rd, Lawton Feagler, junior, 9 9-10 seconds.

Broad jump (standing)—1st, Roger Grogg, senior, 9 feet 10 inches; 2nd, Lawton Feagler, junior, 9 feet 3 1-2 inches; 3rd, Kenneth Abel, freshman, 9 feet 6 inches.

Potato relay race for girls—Junior class first, and the sophomore class a close second.

In the relay race for boys the senior class won, the freshman class was second, and the sophomore class third.

25-yard swim—1st, James Bower, sophomore, 13 3-5 seconds; 2nd, Eugene Brown, sophomore, 15 1-5 seconds; 3rd, Paul Bourns, freshman, 15 3-5 seconds.

Plain front dive—1st, James Bower, sophomore; 2nd, Eugene Brown, sophomore; 3rd, Henry Elliott, sophomore.

Plain back dive—1st, Henry Elliott, sophomore; 2nd, Eugene Brown, sophomore; 3rd, James Bower, sophomore.

Distance plunge—1st, Paul Bourns, freshman, 36 feet 2 inches; 2nd, Henry Elliott, sophomore, 36 feet 2 inches (a tie that was later won by Bourns); 3rd, James Bower, sophomore, 33 feet 10 inches.

Swan dive—1st, James Bower, sophomore; 2nd, Eugene Brown, sophomore; 3rd, Wesley Bauer, freshman.

Front jack knife—1st, Eugene Brown, sophomore; 2nd, James Bower, sophomore; 3rd, Wesley Bauer, freshman.

Back jack knife—1st, Paul Bourns, freshman; 2nd, Eugene Brown, sophomore.

In the free-for-all diving contest, an added feature to the aquatic events, during which contest the divers could use any method, Paul Bourns, with his ladder dive, won first; James Bower, sophomore, diving off the window into shallow water, second; and Henry Elliott, diving from the window into deep water, third.

Following is the standing of the individual participants in the various events:

Senior class—Roger Grogg, 25; Harold Grate, 5; and relay race, 5; total, 35.

Junior class—Lawton Feagler, 9; Pauline Williams, 10; Lucille Hoodelmier, 3; Ethel Amstutz, 1; relay race, 5; total, 28.

Sophomores—James Bower, 27; Eugene Brown, 22; Henry Elliott, 10; Victor Chase, 3; Orpha Weeks, 3; Berniece Lanning, 1; Jesse Shaffer, 1; relay races, 4; total, 71.

Freshmen—Paul Bourns, 20; Kenneth Abel, 4; Edwin Rainier, 3; Wesley Bauer, 2; Eugene Browand, 1; relay race, 3; total, 33.

Bocc-e
"Aw-y"
"Turn around"
Ike.
Lazy Bob.
11:30.
Shortie.
Stars.
The Gang.
Aeyboay.
Whr Sam!
Caught.

Music and Dramatics

Orchestra

A good musical organization is one of the greatest assets a school may claim. The A. H. S. Orchestra for the year '18-'19 is no exception to this rule. It has given some excellent numbers during the various times it has appeared in public, having played at the different musical recitals at the Court Theater and at the Junior-Senior play.

Pres Wilcox has been director of the orchestra for the past two years and to him is due the credit of organizing this group of High School students into an efficient musical unit, the more so because he has asked for no recompense for the work done.

Director ..... Pres Wilcox
Piano ..... Lucille Baughman

Violins	Clarinets
Gladwyn Graham	Russell Kuhlman
Ralph Fell	James Baker
Stanley Baxter	
William Eakright	
Donald Brown	Cornets
Glenn Heffley	
Paul Garver	James Bower
Myron Watson	John Slater
LeRoy Arens	Bernard Plum
Virginia Wigent	Clair Grube
Saxophone	Trombone
Harold Gengnagle	Wyllis Wilcox
Drums	Melaphone
Ralph Bishop	Orpha Weeks

Musical Recital

On the evening of March 26 a recital was given at the Court Theater by the music classes of the High School. Miss Brown, music supervisor, directed the chorus work, Pres Wilcox directing the orchestra. An excellent program was given and as a result of the entertainment over seventy dollars was obtained for the purpose of forwarding work in the music classes of the High School.

FIRST PART

Chorus—"Don't Let Us Sing Any More About War, Just Let Us Sing of Love"... ..... Harry Lauder
Girls' Chorus—"Geisha Dance" ..... Edward Marzo
Double Quartet—"Water Lilies" ..... Linders
Girls' Chorus—"O That We Two Were Maying" ..... Smith
Freshman Chorus—(a) "The Spanish Gypsy" .....
(b) "Queen of Night" .....
Double Quartet—"The Moon Hangs Low in a Purple Sky" ..... Spencer
Chorus—"In May Time" .....Oley Speaks

The following young ladies appeared in the double quartet: Guinevere Jellison, Marcelle Holman, Jessie Moffett, Marie Palmer, Iris Ladd, Geraldine Wimer, Lenore Sheets and Lenore Franz.

ORCHESTRA

Slim Trombone (trombone novelty) ..... Barnhouse
Overture—"Invincible" ..... Hays
Medley Waltz—"Little Birch Canoe" ..... Roberts
"Smiles" ..... Roberts
"Sunny South," introducing "Swanee River," "Mocking Bird," "Old Kentucky Home," "Arkansas Traveler," "Massa's in the Cold Ground," "Zip Coon," "Old Black Joe," "Dixieland," and "The Star Spangled Banner."

The Junior-Senior Play

"The Man from Home," a play written by Booth Tarkington, was given at the Court Theatre on two nights, May 7 and 8. The cast was selected from the Junior and Senior classes and every member did excellent work, the play being one of the best that the High School has ever given. Wm. Eakright is to be recommended for his work as business manager of the play, few people realizing the work connected with this position. Miss Herron is to be complimented for her excellent work as director, having developed a splendid cast from an untrained group of Juniors and Seniors.

THE CAST

Daniel Voorhees Pike ..... Walter Wilson
The Grand Duke Vasili Vasilivitch ..... Harold McGrew
The Earl of Hawcastle ..... Leo Noirot
The Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn ..... Robert Sheets
Ivanoff ..... George Borst
Horace Granger-Simpson ..... Paul Husselman
Ribiere ..... Ward Horn
Mariano ..... John Myers
Michele ..... Carl Huffman
Two Carabiniere ..... Donald Brown
..... Lawton Feagler
A valet de chambre ..... Harold Nugen
Ethel Granger-Simpson ..... Lucille Rhoads
Comtesse de Champigny ..... Maude Steele
Lady Creech ..... Jessie Moffet
Several Sorrentine musicians and fishermen.
Miss Herron ..... Director
William Eakright ..... Business Manager

THE STORY

ACT I

Ethel Granger-Simpson, an American girl, traveling in Italy with a party composed of Lord Hawcastle; his son, the Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn; Lady Creech; the Comtesse de Champigny; Horace Granger-Simpson, and herself, has engaged herself to the Hon. Almeric. Her guardian from Kokomo, Indiana, Daniel Voorhees Pike, arrives with a Herr von Grollerhagen and refuses to consent to the marriage and a settlement upon St. Aubyn of $150,000.

ACT II

While Pike is repairing Herr von Grollerhagen's automobile, a man, who turns out to be a Russian convict sought by the police, finds his way into Pike's presence. Pike conceals him under the car and tells the police he is the chauffeur for the car. Lady Creech has been the unknown observer of this scene. She tells Lord Hawcastle, who in turn threatens Pike and Von Grollerhagen with imprisonment if Pike does not consent to Ethel's marriage with St. Aubyn.

ACT III

Lady Ceech reveals to Pike that Hawcastle has been in Russia under the name of Glenwood. Her revelation coincides with the convict's (Ivanoff) story about the treachery of his wife and friend. Pike, in the presence of all, denounces Hawcastle. His accusation is proved by Ivanoff's appearance and the behavior of the comtesse, with whom Horace is in love. Ivanoff goes with Herr Grollerhagen, who proves to be a Grand Duke of Russia.

ACT IV

Altho Lord Hawcastle and Comtesse de Champigny leave, Almeric and Lady Creech remain, as Ethel is determined to keep her promise. However, Almeric's stupidity and demand for the settlement disgusts and enrages her, so that she breaks the engagement. She now sees her own error and understands Pike's actions. The play ends by her playing Pike's favorite song, "Sweet Genevieve."

The editor wishes to take this opportunity to thank Father Time for the valuable services rendered by him in allowing her to use his ledger. We are sure that without this unwonted kindness it would have been impossible to have obtained the following items.

SEPTEMBER

Sept. 9—Forward- March!
1—2—3—4,
1—2—3—4,
Here we come,
Seniors, Juniors, Sophs, and Freshies.
1—2—3—4,
Get in step, you greenhorns,
1—2—3—4,
Study courses are chosen. Dismissal for the day.

Sept. 10—We again present ourselves to our teachers. A great deal of trouble with the schedule. Lessons are assigned.

Sept. 12—Freshmen wander around like some lost "Heinies" in unfamiliar territory.

Sept. 13—And still we are having difficulty with the schedule.

Sept. 16—Another week of toil begun,
More time is put to rout,
The Freshie nearer a Senior grown—
The Senior nearer out.

Sept. 19—O! that Senior history class. It has made many a heartache for Miss McGinnis. Today she became so disgusted that she—a school "marm"—said "good-night." Is she sleepy?

Sept. 23—Spanish to be given in the course this year.

Sept. 25—The Freshies will certainly have to secure guides. They get lost just as soon as they leave the sight of the teacher. Poor babes!

Sept. 26—Seniors have a class meeting—election of officers. Ike is president again.

Sept. 29—The third week of school has gone. Yes, we are learning something more every day.

Oct. 1—Juniors have election of officers. Is Bob president again? No, and he is dreadfully disappointed, too.

Oct. 2—Spanish class is arranged.

We had music today. There had ought to be some singing this year. Such a class. They will be able to go on a music tour by the time school is out. We would like to suggest that the first engagements be at Sedan and Auburn Junction.

Oct 3—Music again.

Physics manuals have not arrived and Miss Mulvey is terribly worried for fear her physics class won't learn anything this year.

Oct. 7—School opened as usual this morning and we were all worrying about our lessons. But hark! Footsteps in the hall; the door is opened; McKenney enters; he hesitates a minute, and then in his gentle way breaks the sad news: "School will be closed for an indefinite length of time." Oh, yes! We are really sorry that school must close, now that we have such an excellent start, but such is life in war-times. One consolation, however, is that our school is not the only one that must suffer, but the schools all over the United States—and all because of the "flu." (However, we didn't hear anyone kick about such a little matter as an extra vacation.)

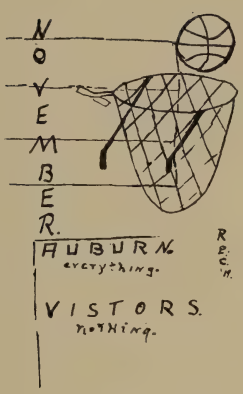
Oct. 23—After three long weeks we have again assembled in school. Joy! It seems seems almost like Heaven again. (You didn't say anything different, did you, Jit?) The teachers are all very lenient with us, but of course we can't do what we please.

The Seniors have another class meeting. They want a party on Hallowe'en, but the health officer says "No go."

Oct. 31—The Sophomores are to have a class meeting this evening, we hear.

Yes, they had one. And who is the honorable president? It's Gladwyn Graham. That's fine!

Prof. Youngblood presents the Juniors and Seniors with a new dictionary. He wants us to be sure and use it. Will we? We ought to.



Nov. 1—Mr. McKenney gives a lecture on fire prevention. Several visitors today.

Nov. 4—Quite a calamity—Miss Bateman was not at school.

Oh, yes. This is test week. Watch the usual peaceful faces turn into faces of worry and wrath.

Nov. 5—Runt Arens—sleeping peacefully.

Grand explosion—Runt jumps in the air, exclamations of wrath.

Miss McGinnis investigates.

Great discovery—girl next door stuck pin in Runt.

Who wouldn't yell?

Nov. 6—Will those Freshmen ever learn that they are supposed to stand when they have permission to speak to another convict? They wept bitter tears of remorse when Miss Armstrong instructed them on the subject.

Nov. 7—Some uproar—and all over that fake armistice.

Nov. 8—We learn of the fake news.

Nov. 11—A. M.—Hurrah! The armistice is signed.

But why is it that we are in school this morning? (Later) We hear that we are to get off for the big victory parade, which is to be pulled off in the afternoon.

P. M.—Great doings—everything is excitement.

Nov. 12—Everything's in an uproar this morning. The books have been mussed up—an' ever'thing. We're wondering who the guilty guys are. And, oh, what an artistic job those amateur interior decorators did on that bust out in the hall.

Nov. 14—Some friends of ours pay an informal visit to the office.

Nov. 18—Excitement dies down—life becomes more normal again.

Nov. 20—Grade cards. Hurrah! (With variations.)

Nov. 22—Sophs have a class party.

Dec. 2—There has been no school for a week. Many are absent today.

Dec. 4—Jit B. has the "flu." The teacher said he was taking something to make him sneeze but he wasn't. Miss Mulvey said she knew he was sick because he looked like it.

Dec. 5—Seniors have a class party. Great eats! Therefore many of the teachers are there.

Dec. 6—Big B. B. game.

Dec. 11—What's the matter, Sophs? Did the "crying out" do you any good?

Dec. 12—Juniors are afraid that they will be next to be called on the carpet.

Dec. 13—Basket Ball team goes to Waterloo and whips her till she cries.

Dec. 16—First day of the last week before Xmas.

Dec. 17—Tests! Thick and fast. Jit celebrates by going to sleep again. We wonder why.

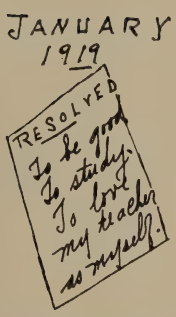
Dec. 18—Miss McGinnis tells the Seniors that she will remove her head if they can't see the board (?).

Dec. 19—It seems that the Senior boys and Miss McGinnis like to discuss the working girl problem since the war.

Dec. 20—HURRAH! WE ARE OFF! MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Dec. 30—Back again. Ready for business (?).

Dec. 31—Last day of old year. Ask Jit and Ike what happened to them in history class. Maybe they will turn over a new leaf tomorrow.



Jan. 1—Happy New Year!
We see no reasons why we could not have New Years day off, at least. Many are sleepy today. They must have been hunting crowbars to use in prying over the new leaf.

Jan. 6—Fire in the High School building and again we get a vacation.

Jan. 7—Back again. Everything smells of smoke. Front hall is all patched up. It looks like a comforter top.

Jan. 8—See the Spanish students if you wish to find out Miss McGinnis's ideas on love affairs.
Girls have yell practice.

Jan. 9—More yell practice. We are going to over-run K-ville.

Jan. 10—Big game tonight—all excited.

Jan. 13—Came back to work this morning knowing that our team defeated K-ville.

Jan. 15—Juniors have a called meeting with the superintendent and teachers.

Jan. 16—The Seniors have their turn. Investigation on low grades.

Jan. 17—Game between H2O-loo and Auburn tonight.

Jan. 20—Both boys and girls were defeated Friday evening. First defeat for the boys. We've got to encourage those children next door some time or other.

Jan. 23—Dismissed at three o'clock today. Teachers' meeting. God bless 'em.

Jan. 24—Sophs have a class party. Frehies think they must have one, too.
B. B. team goes to Pleasant Lake.

Jan. 27—B. B. team won another game Friday.

Jan. 28—Hark! Who fell downstairs? (It remains a mystery.)

Jan. 31—Seniors are delighted. The physics test has been postponed until Miss Mulvey returns.
B. B. game with Angola tonight.

Feb. 3—Another game lost.

Feb. 5—Jit, who was the caller this morning?
Gir's have a meeting. They say they are going to give the boys a valentine party.

Feb. 6—Sam Hanna took Miss Mulvey's place in Geom. and Physics today. Some teacher!

Feb. 7—Miss McGinnis had to leave us awhile on account of sickness. We can hardly see how that pet Sophomore history class of hers will be able to get along without her.

Feb. 10—Hurrah! A new history teacher for a few weeks.

Feb. 14—P. Lake did not come, so a game between the first and second teams is scheduled. (Later)—All dope upset! First team beats second team. Also Auburn girls defeat Bryan girls.

Feb. 15—Girls give the fellows a valentine party. However, others than our own fellows were there (for instance, Jack More).

Feb. 17—And still Miss Mulvey and Miss McGinnis fail to report for duty.

Feb. 19—Seniors give farewell party for Miss Bateman.

Feb. 20—Jitney went to sleep today,
Jit bgan to snore,
Jitney got a bawling out,
Now Jitney sleeps no more.

Feb. 21—Why was Paul Husselman reading the bulletin, "Foods for Young Children," in assembly-room today? Not that he had anything else to do. Oh, no! Girls' team goes to Bryan, Boys' team to Angola.

Feb. 24—Girls win—boys lose.
Miss Mulvey and Miss McGinnis are back again. New English teacher arrives, looks us over, and decides to cast her lot among us.
Everyone in Room 1 looks for the Magic Bell.
Another new arrival—the janitor.

Feb. 25—Miss Mulvey in Botany clas—"Lewis, I want a match." (Where won't these naughty habits break out next?)

Feb. 27—Miss McGinnis (in History class)—"Who wrote on the Constitution this last semester? Didn't you, Harriet?"
Steelie—"No, she had a man."
(Later) Miss McGinnis (the janitor had just come in the room)—"I'd be ashamed to laugh at such a little thing as that."
Fight over at the Harrison building. High School all turns out to watch it.

Feb. 28—Miss McGinnis changes some seats in Civics class. Carl Huffman is getting tired of the view from the frontrow.

Mar. 2—Pug tells us that George Washington was elected President on the Republican ticket in 1860. Which reminds us of the letter Maude wrote purporting to come from George Washington. It was dated March —, 1919.

Mar. 3—Wonder where Stanley gets all his gum.
The basket ball team cast aside their old duds and put on their nice shiny new suits. Just hold that pose, boys.
Freshmen get their pictures "took." We hope the camera will recover in time to take ours.

Mar. 4—Sophomores are shot also.
Two Seniors sent out of Civics class because the one made the other giggle. "Now quit teasing me."

Mar. 5—Two Sophomores give Mr. and Mrs. Fisher West a wedding present—a milk-bottle.

Mar 5—Heavens! Where do they raise these colored collars?

Mar. 7—Many go to K-ville. District Tournament the great attraction. For list of extra attractions see Ike and Hownie.

Mar. 10—Miss McGinnis not here yet. Mrs. McKenney takes her place.
No one in charge of Room 1 last period this afternoon. "Commotion" is no real name for the racket made by those Freshies.

Mar. 11—"Warren, where is your manufactured opera glass?" (Ask Miss McIntyre.)

Mar. 12—They seem to forget that High School students usually need a room teacher to keep them quiet. Nurse missing in Room 1 again.

Mar. 13—Sparrows have a good time fighting in cold air register in Room 3. They interrupt Latin class considerably.

Mar. 14—Sam Hanna's class pin visits us from Waterloo today.

Mar. 17—Miss Herron not here. Mr. Youngblood bravely takes up the task of teaching Senior English for the day.

Mar. 18—Hi-Y have big meeting tonight.

Mar. 20—The Sophmores have a party. Wanted—A street-car to take them to the south end.
Miss McGinnis thinks there is too much giggling going on in Civics class. She can't help giggling herself, so what are we to do?

Mar. 23—Ask the Freshmen if they had a good time at their class party Friday evening. Yes, and don't forget the Sophomores. (Did they get to play cards and dance?)
Jit sent out of English class. Miss Herron gives a little stump speech on chewing gum and eating candy in class.

Mar. 24—Another early dismissal for teachers' meeting.
Season is rushing—Orchestra practices overtime.

Mar. 26—Geo. Borst promotes his wrist watch to the exalted position of ankle watch—not much of a rise in life.
Big night at Court Theatre.

Mar. 27—All rather sleepy tonight after last evening's events.
Grade-cards!

Juniors and Seniors are now able to see out of the windows in Room 5—they have been washed.

Mar. 28—Track meet at Y. M. C. A. this evening.
Miss Armstrong is worried.

April 1—April Fools' Day. We get out at three o'clock —and there is no April Fool to that.
Janitor rings the bell a little too early, consequently many are late.

April 2—Miss Herron learns that Jit has not done any outside reading—now he has to do it.

April 3—Entering the room late, Bill E. majestically salutes the Senior English class.

April 4—Evangelist Stephens and his wife give a short musical program and afterwards Mr. Stephens talks to the school.

April 7—Miss McGinnis looks as tho she had been up late last night.

April 8—Mr. McKenney compares the crowd in Room 5 to a sewing society. What an insult to those boys. However, the insult doesn't work its way thru many thick skulls.
The Republican party carries the day in the Civics senate.

Apil 11—Clare Grube spoke before the Junior-Senior assembly this morning.
English classes dismissed—Miss Herron off to Ft. Wayne.

April 14—Miss McIntyre not here. The Freshies are put in charge of a new caretaker.
Civics class starts court today. Anyone wishing a trial is free to enter the court.

April 15—It rained all day—lest we forget 'twere April.

April 16—We won't forget at this rate—more rain.
Mr. McKenney wipes off the electric light globes in the Junior-Senior room. We can see a great deal better now.

April 18—A surprise. The sun is shining.

April 21—D. H. D.'s swell out in their new pins.

April 22—Fire drill today.

April 23—The tank came at last.
Teachers' meeting. We get out early.
More rain.

April 25—Big fire this morning.
Hurrah! Off for the afternoon. Jacky Jazz Band comes.

April 28—The volunteer fire brigade of last Friday has to stay in to make up work lost. Orders received from fire marshal McKenney.

April 29—And Jit leaves Civics class again.

April 30—Mr. Dawson from Indianapolis gives a lecture on smoking and use of tobacco in any form. Boys, leave it soak in.

May 2—Nothing happened today—except that it rained.

May 5—Teachers' meeting. Out at three o'clock.

May 6—Big children like the Juniors and Seniors ought to know how to behave themselves when a teacher is out of the room. (At least that is what Miss Armstrong says.) Sh—h—h. Don't tell anyone, Miss Armstrong, but you had ought to see how those measly Sophs and half-grown Freshies act!
Where was the fire today?
No teacher in Room 6. Sociology class raises the roof.
And you had ought to see Jim B. sling the ink.
What became of that ink bottle, anyway, Jim?

May 7—No teacher in Room 4. Those girls had a regular house party.
First night of the Junior-Senior Show. Mr. Horn—Allow me introduce the Grand d——— Duke.

May 8—Second night of the Junior-Senior Show. Watch the cash roll in!

COMMENCEMENT WEEK

(At the time the annual went to press we couldn't tell when those Juniors would have their banquet. So fill in the date yourself.)

—Junior Senior Banquet.

June 1—Baccalaureate Sermon.

June 3—Class Day Exercises.

June 5—Commencement.

June 7—Junior-Senior Picnic.

It is fitting that mention should be made here of services rendered to the Class of '19, that are not elsewhere spoken of in this book.

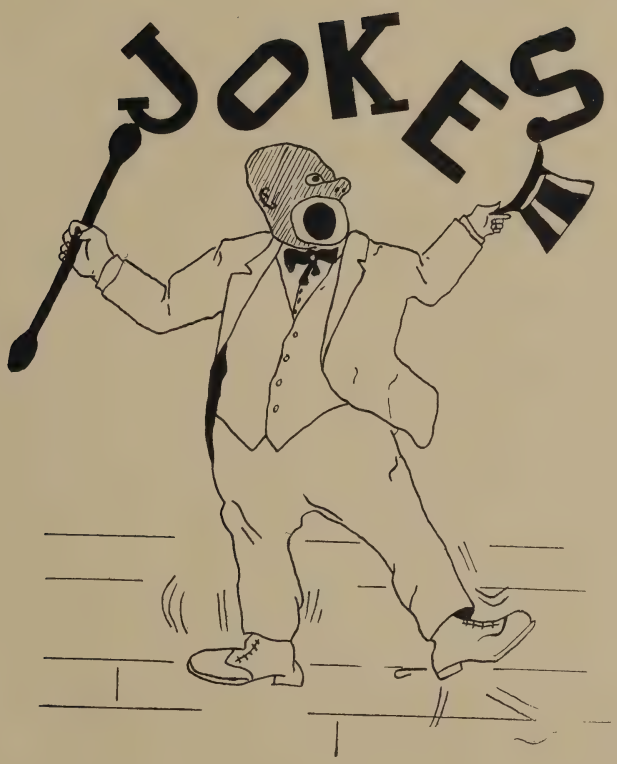
Miss Bateman, who left us the middle of this last year, has always taken the greatest interest in our welfare, and has been one of our best friends during the four years that we have been in Auburn High. Besides the fact that she was our class principal the first part of this year, we must thank her for the interest that she took in the individual. It is certain that every member of our class shall graduate from this school, the better off for having had such a friend.

A vote of thanks is due the Schermerhorns for the interest they have taken in this annual, as the official photographers for it. They have given much of their time to furthering the interests of the Senior class, as well as giving the members of the staff much valuable advice.

Mr. Vern Buchanan is also included in this list, as he has rendered us many services in helping to publish this year-book. He is one of that type of business men who are alway ready to help the high school students in their many enterprises.

Such a roll as this might be indefinitely extended as we are glad to say that the friends of our class are many. On such a list would come the names of our parents, of the faculty, and of the members of the school board — all of whom have helped make it possible for us to graduate from the Auburn High School. Such gratefulness need not always be spoken but appears in our daily life asccording as we are really grateful to such benefactors.

Going Up.
Hello.
Flirting.
H. M.
"Oh Boy!"
"Good-by."
MAC.
"Call the Cop."
Hussie.
At K-ville.
Junk.
Mildred.
Bungee.
?


JOKES

Geng.—"Will you promise to marry me?"

Steelie—"No, but I'd like to have an option on you until the end of the season."

* * * *

Ralph Clark—"Bill, when I told her I killed a German with one hand she grabbed it and kissed it all over."

Bill E.—"Why didn't you tell her you bit the blighter to death?"

* * * *

QUITE RIGHT.

"Name a thing of importance which did not exist in one form or another a thousand years ago," thundered Mr. Youngblood.

"You, sir," suggested a meek freshman on the front row.

* * * *

D. Brown—"Are you fond of Indoor Sports?"

K-ville Girl—"Yes, if they know when to go home."

* * * *

Now that Carusos have installed a larger soda-fountain, Russell K. will have room to line the guys up when he's buying the drinks.

* * * *

Miss McGinnis—"What cases are taken before the Justice of the Peace?"

Ralph Clark—" 'Cases' that the preacher won't have."

* * * *

Mr. Youngblood (illustrating in sociology class)—"Here stands a mule (pointing to himself) and here's the bale of hay." Then, hurriedly—"Oh, I mean just suppose."

* * * *

Why did the janitor suddenly secure so many assistants to sweep Room 5? (Maybe someone threw chalk.)

* * * *

Huffman—"Borst is an awful ladies' man."

Brilliant Soph.—"I believe it. I have seen him with some awful ladies."

* * * *

Disturbed Soph., after listening to music class—"No one had ought to sing for less than $1,000 a week."

* * * *

Senior—"A woman usually gets off a car backwards."

Soured Humorist—"Yes, and she usually pulls off a joke the same way."

* * * *

Hanna—"I'll eat my hat."

Myers—"Eat mine. I need a new one."

* * * *

Miss McGinnis—"Harold, do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?"

Pug.—"No, I thought he lived at the White House."

* * * *

Senior—"Julius Caesar will always regret that he was not born two thousand years later."

Soph.—"How's that?"

Senior—"So he could have been a subscriber to the 'Follies of '19'."

* * * *

'22—"That guy gives me a pain. He said I was a tightwad."

'21—"Well——?"

'22—"How does he know whether I'm generous or not? I never bought anything from him."

* * * *

At K-ville restaurant—"See here, waiter, how did this hair get into my apple pie?"

Waiter—"I don't know how it happened, sir; them apples are all Bald Ones (Baldwins)."

WHAT WOULD YOU THINK??????

If you should see———

Mr. McKenney chewing gum?
Harold Grate with a girl?
Walter Wise studying?
Sam Hanna skipping school?
Ralph Bishop without his overcoat on?
Gene Brown when he wasn't talking Basketball?
Steelie without her sailor middie on?
Russell K. spending any money?
Don B. when he wasn't talking?
Bill E. without his camera?
Ike Willson when he wasn't smiling?
Harriet Brown making a recitation?
A Senior paying his class dues?
Birdie H. when he was broke?
Any clever jokes in this book?
Ralph Clark without his uniform on?
Anyone using that wonderful new dictionary?
An A. H. S. student cheating during a test?
Jess Shafer walking slowly?
A Senior class prophecy coming true?
The thermometers registering exactly 70 in all rooms?

* * * *

In order to be in it at all lately you have to wear a collar that would put that proverbial coat of Jacob's to shame.

* * * *

HEARD AT THE TOURNAMENT.

Harold Geng. says to please leave the light on in his room as he can sleep much better in the light.

Harold Grate after seeing an advertisement featuring William Farnum, on his score-slip, asked what team he was with, where he was from and what position he played.

* * * *

Wanted to know—Why George Borst stayed over Sunday in K-ville?

* * * *

Steelie—"Where should I stand?"
John Myers—"On your feet."

* * * *

Harold Nugen (in Junior English)—"It was a bottomless pit with water on the bottom."

* * * *

IS THIS JIT'S PET PEEVE?

Helen Baxter—"Now don't stay out late, Stanley, love."

* * * *

Harold Grate remarks that he is going to be a preacher and specialize in matrimonial marriages.

* * * *

Bill E.—"Justices of the Peace don't make much money now, do they?"
Miss McGinnis—"No; but they will next year."
Ike—"Why?"
Miss McGinnis—"Because next year will be leap year."

* * * *

Youngblood (talking of immigrants and emigrants)—"Now, what would you call someone going from this country to Germany?"
Voice from the rear—"I'd call him a fool."

After Miss Herron declared that she wanted the stopping talked, she did some talking herself that started one of the Seniors to the assembly room.

* * * *

Miss McGinnis—"A wise man changes his mind and a fool never does."

(Five minutes later)—"Sam, you couldn't make me change my mind if you talked a million years."

* * * *

Leo N.—"If I could get someone to invest a thousand dollars in this proposition, I would make some money."

Pug—"How much?"

Leo—"Why, one thousand dollars."

* * * *

ODE TO A CREAMED ONION

As I see thee here before me
Lying silent, white and still,
Dread terror steals upon me,
My blood is cold and chill.

For in spite of creamy whiteness,
And in spite of aspect meek,
Thou canst not fool me for I know
I'll taste thee for a week.

* * * *

Freshman—"Father, was writing done on tablets of stone in the old days?"

Dutiful Parent—"Yes, my son."

Freshman—"Gee, it must have taken a crowbar to break the news."

* * * *

Junior—"Work is a form of nervousness."

Senior—"You haven't any nerves, have you?"

* * * *

Mr. McKenney—"A successful man must study the faults of others?"

Bill E.—"Well, I don't know that it will make a man successful, but it had ought to make a delightful study."

* * * *

When to physics class I go,
A little prayer I utter low,
I say in accents soft and deep:
"Please, dear teacher, let me sleep."
(Respectively dedicated to Jit Baxter.)

* * * *

Bill E.—"I don't cheat like you do."

Leo N.—"No; you cheat worse."

* * * *

Miss McGinnis—"To the spoils belong the victor."

* * * *

Corporal (to Ralph Clark)—"Why are you one step in the rear of your squad?"

Clark—"Well—er—er—er—sir, after I halted they all took one more step."

* * * *

DICE THE TRIMMINGS

or

The Lowly Cat in the Hayloft.

(With apologies to the "Lampoon.")

Scenario by Slingsby Bull.

Cinematographed by Squeeze Rabinavitx

Directed by Half Inch.

Scene 1.

Regis Fitz Persimmons, a well-to-do Bishop, is bored.

Regis Fitz Persimmons ..... Hydrant Washhouse.

Bishop's study at the Bishopric; Bishop playing quoits with doughnuts, and seven branch candle-sticks.

(Close-up of doughnut showing hole.)

Scene 2.

Lucile with her future behind her, who secretly loves the Bishop.

Lucile ..... Clara Knee Sprung.

Lucile's boudoir; Lucile at telephone.

"Did you want 7777J?"

"No."

"Then you have the wrong number."

Lucile turns her back, showing her future. Takes picture of Bishop from bureau drawer containing socks and collars, and presses it against her stomach.

"Gosh, how I Love him."

(Dream effect showing Bishop admiring a jack-in-the-pulpit.)

Telephone again.

"Give me Liberty 1776 or Death 1919."

(Flash of Bishop at the phone.)

(Flash of Lucile at the phone.)

"Very well, come to church at 10 P. M."

(Flash of iceman bringing in coal.)

Mops his brow.

"It's getting warm."

Lucile opens door for him and he puts the coal in ice-box. Exit.

(Cut back to dream effect.)

Close-up of Lucile, showing good tooth.—Slow fade out (20 minutes).

Scene 3.

That Night.

Close-up of church bell.

Close-up of Lucile on church steps.

Lucile registers trepidation by beating her breast with a carpet-beater and standing on one foot.

"Dare I?"

Enter Bishop.

Lucile grasps Bishop about the knees and he drops on the thirty-yard line.

Lucile bursts into glycerine tears and looks at him beseechingly.

"Give me a lock of your hair, Holy Father."

"I cannot. I am a Yale man and my locks cannot be picked. Besides I am bald."

Close-up of bald head with fly running across it.——Slow fadeout.

* * * *

DIPPY DEPARTMENT.

The Staff has received the following questions. Being unable to answer them ourselves, we are respectfully submitting them to our readers.

If a dog bites will a moth ball?

If snow makes the Alps white, what makes Paris Green?

If tea leaves how does coffee stand on its grounds?

If a pillow slip would a candle stick?

If two girls can pick four gallons of blackberries in three hours, how many can a tooth pick?

If Nantucket would she bring it back?

* * * *

Mr. Youngblood (in agriculture class)—"George, why should a chicken coop be white-washed on the inside?"

George C.—"To keep the chickens from picking the grain out of the wood."

Harry L.—"The dentist told me I had a large cavity which needed filling."

Harold G.—"Did he recommend a course of study?"

* * * *

"Gentlemen, is not one man as good as another?"

"Sure he is," shouted another of the excited crowd of Bolshevists, "and a great deal better."

* * * *

Miss Fitch to Freshman Algebra student—"What's the matter with you this afternoon, Harold? Can't multiply 39 by 21? I'll venture that James can do it in no time."

Harold Gengnagle, '22—"I shouldn't be surprised. They say that fools multiply very rapidly these days."

* * * *

LATIN 10

"Now, Henry, please conjugate the verb 'lipo.' "

"Lipo, lipo, li—"

"No; eipas," corrected Miss Armstrong.

"I make it next," shouted Jesse Shafer, who was just awakening from a strenuous dream.

* * * *

ODE TO A MISER.

A cautious look around he stole,
His bags of chink he chunk,
And many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk.
(P. S.—He was treasurer of a class once.)

* * * *

"When rain falls, does it ever rise again?" asked Miss Ftich.

"It does."

"When?"

"In dew time."

"That will do, Mr. Borst, you may report at the office."

* * * *

ROUND OR FLAT

It is rumored that Miss McIntyre, upon taking teachers' examination for geography, when asked the question, "Is the world round or flat?" replied: "Well, some people think one way and some another, so I'll teach round or flat, just as you please."

* * * *

Paul H.—"Was she shy when you asked her age?"

Bill E.—"Yes, I imagine about ten years."

* * * *

Drill Sergeant (deadly peeved)—"Look here, You; whenever you address me you want to say, 'Yes sir' or 'No sir.' Can that 'nope' and 'yep.' WE don't rate salutes, but we do rate respect. Y' get me?"

Private Clark—"Yep, I getcha."

* * * *

SAYINGS OF WISE (?) STUDENTS

Great oaks from little acorns grow, but they don't make such good squirrel food.

Students don't object so much to laws near as much as they do to having to obey them.

Last dollar in a ten-dollar bill is a heap bigger than the first one.

When a feller starts out to breaking idols, he most generally takes along a couple of his own wrapped up in cotton.

Outside of schools some teachers almost have human intelligence.

AMEN

George W.—"Dad, I wish you'd give me the money to buy that ukulele right away. There's going to be a war tax on musical instruments."

Dad—"Don't worry, my boy, a ukulele is not a musical instrument."

* * * *

Freshman—"What's in a name?"

Senior—"Nothing. If there was we would put on a play and call it the 'Street Car.' Maybe it would play to standing room only."

* * * *

John M.—"Over in New York they have an odd play; it has only two actors in it."

Ike—"That's nothing; I've seen plays without any actors at all in them."

* * * *

Caesar West (translating Latin)—" 'Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck, and——' that's as far as I got."

Miss Armstrong—"Well, Fisher, I think that was far enough."

* * * *

Sunday, March 30—A memorable day for Gengnagle—he got "burnt."

* * * *

DISSECTION IN AUBURN MEAT MARKET

Prop.—"Come, Bill, be lively now; break the bones in Mrs. Williams' chops, and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him."

Bill (briskly)—"All right, sir, just as soon as I've sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg"

* * * *

MARK ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CAESAR

(The text from which Shakespeare got his version.)

Friends, Romans, countrymen. Lend me your ears;
I will return them next Saturday. I come
To bury Caesar, because the times are hard
And his folks can't afford to hire an undertaker.
The evil that men do lives after them,
In the shape of progeny that reap the
Benefit of their life insurance.
So let it be with the deceased.
Brutus had told you Caesar was ambitious:
What does Brutus know about it?
It is none of his funeral. Would that it were.
Here under leave of you, I come to
Make a speech at Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
He loaned me five dollars once when I was in a pinch
And signed my petition for a post-office.

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious.
Brutus is not only the biggest liar in the country
But he is a horsethief of the deepest dye (applause).
If you have tears prepare to shed them now. (Laughter.)
You all do know this ulster.
I remember the first time Caesar ever put it on,
It was on a summer's evening in his tent,
With the thermometer registering 90 degrees in the shade;
But it was an ulster to be proud of. And cost him seven dollars at Morris Kaye's.
Which is between 8th and 9th streets, north of Caruso's swig-palace.
Old Morris wanted forty dollars for it.
But finally Caesar jewed him down to seven.

Was this ambition? If Brutus says it was
He is even a greater liar than ————————.
Look. In this place ran Cassius's dagger through:
Through this the son of a gun of Brutus stabbed,
And when he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark Antony, how the blood of Caesar followed it.
(Cheers and cries of "Give us something on the Silver Bill." "Hit him again," etc.)
I come not, friends, to steal your hearts away.
I am no thief as Brutus is,
Brutus has a monopoly in all that business,
And if he had his deserts, he would be
In the penitentiary, and don't you forget it.
Kind friends, sweet friends, I do not wish to stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
And as it looks like rain,
The pall bearers will proceed to put the coffin in the hearse,
And we will proceed to bury Caesar,
Not to praise him. —By Bill E. and May B.

* * * *

A MARKED DEGENERACY AMONG HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

Ralph Clark seen smoking Cubebs on the street.

* * * *

A HOT-HEADED YOUTH

You see he had a lantern jaw to begin with and his whole face lit up. His cheeks flamed, he gave a burning glance, and then, blazing with anger and boiling with rage, he administered a scorching rebuke.

* * * *

The mental ages of man are about three: 1st—When he does not think (sometimes terminated by graduation); 2nd—When he thinks fairly exclusively of himself (sometimes terminated by marriage); and 3rd—When he thinks chiefly of his family (terminated by whatever ends his worries).

* * * *

DOINGS OF A FRESHMAN.

A moderately fond father discovered his young hopeful reading a dime-novel. "Unhand me, villain," the detected boy thundered, "or there will be bloodshed."

"No," said the father, grimly, tightening his hold on the son's collar, "not bloodshed—woodshed."

* * * *

Miss Mulvey—"What is meant by a girdled tree?"
Eillene M.—"A tree with a belt on it."

* * * *

Helen Mac.—"What kind of country does the Mississippi-Missouri flow through?"
Anna Z.—"Through a desert."
Helen Mac.—"Where do you think the Mississippi-Missouri is?"
Anna Z.—"In South America."

* * * *

Mary had a little lamp,
It was well trained no doubt,
For every time a fellow came
The little lamp went out.

* * * *

A chink by the name of Ching Ling,
Fell off of a street-car—bing-bing.
The con turned his head, to the passengers said:
"The car's lost the wash"—ding-ding.

Barber (about through with hair-cut)—"Does that suit you, sir?"

Mr. McKenney (absent-mindedly)—"It's altogether too short. Cut it a little longer, please."

* * * *

Borst—"She called me a worm."

Girl—"Possibly she saw a chicken pick you up."

* * * *

HE GOT RESULTS

The head of a large business house bought a number of those Do It Now signs and hung them up around his office. They were effective beyond expectation, too effective, in fact. When after the first few days of the signs, he counted up results, he found that the cashier had skippd out with twenty thousand dollars, the head bookkeeper had eloped with the best stenographer, three clerks had asked for a raise in salary, and the office boy had lit out for the west to become a highwayman.

* * * *

If fish were as wise as men they'd be easier to catch.

* * * *

Extensive argument in Civics Class—Can a town be put in jail or not?

* * * *

Hanna (looking at bottle in cloak-room)—"What kind of Spirits are those?"

Ike—"Spirits of '76."

* * * *

A very momentous day was March 25 for our classmate, Harold Grate. He treated himself very kindly and shaved his face.

* * * *

CAN IT BE TRUE?

Mr. Youngblood—"I'm afraid to have you stand on the sill and wash the windows. I'm afraid you'll fall off and break your cranium."

Janitor—"Well, I have never broke my neck yet."

* * * *

New Method Parent—"So you still believe in the rod by the way of developing children?"

Mr. McKenney—"I believe it is the natural way to make them smart."

P. S.—That's straight, too. (From one who knows.)

* * * *

Stroh—"I went home to see my folks last night."

Ike— How did you find them?"

Stroh—"Oh, I knew where they lived."

* * * *

Mr. McKenney explains how sailors find position by latitude and longitude by looking at the sun.

George Borst—"What do they do when it rains?"

* * * *

Hanna (in K-ville restaurant)—"Do you call that a veal cutlet, waiter? Why, it is an insult to a calf to call that a veal cutlet."

"I didn't mean to insult you, sir," said the waiter.

* * * *

Cleliah L.—"I don't know how to pose for my picture in the annual."

John Myers—"I think behind a tree would be very good."

* * * *

A freshman hesitated on the word "connoisseur."

Prof.—"What do you call a man that pretends to know everything?"

Fresh.—"A Professor."

* * * *

Mr. McKenney—"Now, then, James, what comes after the cheese?"

James Bower (sleepily)—"A mouse, sir."

An illiterate farmer wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, wrote to the secretary as follows:

"Also enter me for the best mule; I am sure of taking the premium."

* * * *

Ike—"Why is kissing a girl like a bottle of olives?"

Birdie—"You have me."

Ike—"Because if you get one the rest come easy."

* * * *

Received by Joke Editor in introduction to a little poem (which does not appear here):

"The following lines were written fifty years ago by one who has for many years slept in his grave merely for his amusement."

* * * *

Baxter—"I have a ringing in my head this morning."

Wilson—"Don't you know the reason for that?"

B.—"No."

W.—"That's because it's empty."

B.—"And haven't you ever had a ringing in your head?"

W.—"No."

B.—"That's because it's cracked."

* * * *

'21—"They say that the Prof's mind is completely gone."

'22—"Gosh, I'm lucky. I haven't read my assignment for today, and he told me the next time I didn't do my work he was going to give me a piece of his mind."

* * * *

Jit Baxter (defying all police traps)—"We're going fifty miles an hour; are you brave?"

Girl (swallowing another pint of dust)—"Yes, I'm just full of grit."

* * * *

Freshman Girl—"Did you notice that good looking fellow that sat back of us last night at the show?"

Second Girl—"Oh, the handsome chap with the red necktie and tan suit, and wore his hair pompadour? No; why?"

* * * *

DILUTION TRADE

The farmers in the olden days
Did much they hadn't oughter,
They used to starve their cows and add
To milk diluting water.

Their customers would buy the stuff
And serve it up for dinner,
Remarking with a frenzied look,
"Each day it's getting thinner."

But all the wily farmers now
Keep other fluids handy,
They fill their cans and bottles up
With confiscated brandy.

From far and wide the patrons flock
The drunkard and the sinner,
And now with joy (and winks) they say,
"The milk is growing thinner."

—Ex.

HELPFUL HINTS ON THE CARE OF THE LAWN

If your lawn is full of bumps, these may be driven down with a hammer.

It is not well to pasture a horse or a cow on the lawn in wet weather. These animals have a tendency to push in the face of the lawn.

If you have a mole assisting you in the care of your lawn, use the mole track for a hose, pouring the water in at one end and fastening a nozzle on the other end. This will save your garden hose.

* * * *

McKenney—"What is the secret of business success?"
Ike—"A line of goods, a line of credit, and a line of talk."

* * * *

Mother—"Who ate that salmon?"
Bower—"The cat, I guess."
M.—"Bosh!"
B.—"Now, mother, everybody knows the cat likes salmon."
M.—"Yes, but a cat can't manipulate a can-opener."

* * * *

Freshman (to postman)—"Have you got any mail for me?"
Postman—"What is your name?"
Freshman—"You'll find it on the envelope."

* * * *

Husselman was driving a bucking one-cylinder Ford down Main street one Sunday afternoon. "You ought to put Lizzie's name on the casualty list," yelled a fresh Sophomore.

"What do you mean?" hissed Husselman, between bucks.

"Missing in action," returned the bright Sophomore.

* * * *

Roy Arens—"What kind of a robber is a page?"
Senior—"A what?"
Roy—"It says here that a page held up a bride's train."

* * * *

SECOND SERIES—SAYINGS OF WISE (?) STUDENTS

A woman don't care how cold her feet get in church as long as she has got a smart hat on.

You can't expect a cow to grow wings just because it's a bother for you to open the pasture gate.

Maybe the last rose of summer blooms all alone, but the first one don't have much company to brag about.

The wise man admits he's a fool but he only half believes it.

The best neighbor in the world is taking chances with friendship when he starts to keep chickens.

A fellow can be altruistic as the "dickens" and still find out it is sort of inconvenient to pat a rattle-snake on the head.

* * * *

ORIGINAL ODES BY OUR OWN OPTIMISTS

ODE TO THE ANNUAL STAFF

The fellow on the staff's the guy
Who does the work and misses the pie,
Does the work for you just the same—
And ten to one gets all the blame.
If dope is missing—or pennies lost,
That fellow's the one who gets the frost.
But he must work on for the school,
For that's the fellow's golden rule.
And this is what he always hears:
"Now this is the way to me it appears."

Talk on you ornery student pest,
Altho you take from him (or her) the zest
Of work well done—and he must feel
Like a puppy always kept at heel;
And always are piled upon his head
Curses fit to resurrect the dead,
But he must plod on just the same—
Because the darn fool's always game. —Trox.

ODE TO A TIGHT-WAD

A fellow known as Ten-Per-Cent,
The more he had the less he spent,
The more he got the less he lent,
To pinch the poor was his intent,
To see the sick he never went,
To kick his town he gave consent,
His mind was in his pocket pent,
He'd cry hard times to give him vent,
I think he never did relent,
He's dead—we don't know where he went. —Bill E.

MEMORIES

Here's to that poor janitor
Whose memory we adore (?)
The mutt can't keep the heat up right—
He maketh us most sore.

In winter he doth make us freeze
'Til we can see our breath;
In springtime quite the other way—
He roasts us most to death.

* * * *

One day a Junior class did go
In Room 4 to recite,
They baked and baked and ne'er did live
To see that awful night.

We hope some day when he doth land
In Hades far below,
That they will stick him in the fire—
And leave him there to grow. —Trox.

* * * *

NEW VERSION OF "MAUD MULLER"

Maud Muller paints her sunburnt cheeks,
'Til they are white as snow;
And everywhere Maud Muller goes,
That paint is sure to go.

She carried it to school one day,
(Though not against the rule;)
It made the boys all snicker out,
To see that paint in school.

So the teacher said to Maud:
"What makes you look so pale?"
Maud Muller took the teacher out
And rode him on a rail.

"What makes Maud Muller act that way,
And treat the teacher so?"
"Because the teacher butted in,
Maud Muller made him go."

And now to teacher and to Maud,
You should to each be kind;
For wearing paints and riding rails
Leaves bad effects behind. —Bill E.

* * * *

GIRLS AS THEY WERE

Backwards, turn backwards, O time in your flight,
Give us a maiden dressed proper and right;
We are so weary of powders and paint,
And of looking at girls who are what they ain't.

Something is wrong with the maidens we fear,
Give us the girls as they used to appear,
Give us the girlies we once knew of yore
With curls that didn't come from a hair-dressing store.

Maidens that dressed with a sensible view,
Just as nature intended them to;
Feminine styles get more fierce every year—
So give us the girls as they used to appear. —Bill E.

* * * *

ODE TO A LONELY SOPH.

The shades of gloomy evening fall
Upon his mind a cursed pall,
And to the gods of Chance and Fate
The following prayer he doth supplicate:
"O, ye gods of Joy and Mirth,
Unto my hopes give a new birth;
In agony I rend my hair—
Grant me one glance from the fair;
The impassionate earth I stamp in vain—
Can good come from such hopeless pain?
But here's the reason for such prayer
That wings its way thru twilight air,
And on this ending lean my fate—
I am a Soph without a date-" —Trox.

* * * *

(The following was written by two idle Seniors after watching Clellah powder her nose.)

Oh, mother, dear mother, put me to thy nose,
In spots it's all shiny—or red as a rose,
And two little shiny spots rest on thy brow,
So, use me, please use me, I'm used to it now.

The moments spent with you before every date,
Improves your appearance and helps guide your fate.
The fellows that come to you most every night,
Depart from your home—their coats are a sight.

I'll always be with you—a good friend of yours,
For always my presence your beauty insures;
So keep me, please keep me, I'm always your friend,
And I'll guard your beauty 'til the very end. —Ike and Trox.

And now pass on to other work---or play,
That makes for happiness or wealth;
But let these pages serve to mark the path
Of happy memories of another day.

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